Question your Grace the late Embassador,
With what regard he heard his Embassage,
How well supplied with aged Counsellors,
And how his resolution answer'd him,
You then would say, that *Harry* was not wilde.
King. Well, thinke we *Harry* strong,
And strongly arme vs to preuent the foe.
Con. My Lord, heere is an Ambassador
From the King of England.
King. Bid him come in.
You see this chase is hotly followed, Lords.
Dol. My gracious father, cut vp this English short.
Selfe-loue my Liege is not so vile a thing
As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother of England?
Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiesty;
He wils you in the name of God Almighty,
That you deuest your selfe, and lay apart
That borrowed title, which by gift of heauen,
Of law, of nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the Crowne
And all wide stretched titles that belongs
Vnto the crowne of *France*, that you may know
Tis no sinister, nor no awkeward claime,
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht daies
Nor from the dust of old obliuion rackt,
He sends you these most memorable lines,
In euery branch truely demonstrated:
Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,
And when you finde him euenly deriued
From his most famed and famous Ancestors,
Edward the third; he bids you then resigne
Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the native and true Challenger.

King.

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